

REC

by

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(A park bench. NORA enters and oh my God oh my God oh my God is this really happening? She pulls out her phone so that she can record the VERY IMPORTANT LIFE EVENT that is about to go down, but she's at five percent. Shit. She notices the expanse of amateur videographers surrounding her and appeals to one of them for his/her services. Actress should improvise the following lines depending on the audience member's responses.)

NORA

Um, hi. Excuse me? Are you busy right now?

(Audience response)

Because you kind of look like you're just sitting around. Could you do a teensy favor for me?

(Audience response)

In a few seconds my boyfriend Wil is going to come right through there and I'm almost 100% absolutely positive he's going to propose, and that's a big life moment and my phone's about to die, so could you maybe film it and then send it to me afterwards? Can you do that?

(Audience response)

Oh my God thank you so much. Actually, why doesn't everyone here record it, just to be safe? Just in case your phone dies or you die--not saying you will or that you look like you will, but I want to remember this moment exactly like it happened. Okay everyone, I want to see you recording. Put your phones up in the air RIGHT NOW.

(Too far.)

Sorry, I get a bit crazy before proposals. Okay okay-- I think that's him.

(She sits down on the bench and poses herself. Wil Enters. Something pains him.)

NORA

Hey.

WIL

Hey.

NORA

Are we set?

WIL
Hmm?

NORA
The bill?

WIL
Oh, yeah. They just had to run it again, and uh...

NORA
Wanna sit a while?

WIL
Sure. Okay.

(He sits down, taps his foot, fidgets.)

NORA
You're so cute when you're...

WIL
When I'm what?

NORA
Nothing.
(She moves to rest her head on his shoulder. He stiffens, then relaxes. She mouths, "Are you getting this?" to her videographers.)
Isn't this just...such a perfect night?

WIL
It is.

(Beat.)

NORA
Ask me what I'm thinking.

WIL
What?

NORA
Ask. It'll be cute.

WIL
Uh, Okay...What are you thinking about, Nora?

NORA
(Gets up to deliver her monologue.)

Well, I'm thinking that this is the sort of night where anything could happen. Like when I was a kid, I used to have this dream where a herd of buffalo would just tear through my house--I'd be eating dinner with my family, calmly scooping up some mashed potatoes with my fork and here are all these buffalo charging through the walls and trampling the furniture, but they couldn't touch us. And that's how I feel, that anything could happen but nothing could touch us.

(Beat.)

So what are you thinking?

WIL

I'm thinking that...I think it would be best if...if we weren't together anymore.

NORA

Wil?

WIL

We should break up.

NORA

Oh my God.

(She realizes this is all being filmed.)

Oh my God!

(She motions for everyone to stop filming.)

Can you please just--

WIL

I'm sorry Nora--

NORA

We just had dinner.

WIL

I know.

NORA

At a *really* nice restaurant.

WIL

I realize that wasn't--

NORA

This is just like *Illegally blonde*.

WIL

I think it's *legally*--

NORA

I don't care!

(She notices a person still filming.)
You can put that away now.

WIL

Huh?

NORA

Nothing.

WIL

I promise--It's not you.

NORA

I know it's not me.
(The videographer won't relent.)
Stop that!

WIL

It's not me either.

NORA

Then who would you like to blame this on? Your parents?
God? The melting ice caps? Who?

WIL

Let's blame God.
(Beat.)
I'm dying, Nora.

NORA

You're...

WIL

Lymphoma. Stage four.

NORA

Oh.

(To the person recording.)
Please.

WIL

Found out a few weeks ago.
(Beat.)
I know we talked...and you were thinking--but you don't
want to marry me now.

NORA

You don't know that.

WIL

You always wanted a December wedding.

NORA

Yes.

(Realizing what this means.)

Not even till then?

WIL

I'm sorry Nora. I can't give you that.

(The person is still filming her.)

NORA

What sort of a sick fuck are you?

WIL

Pretty sick.

NORA

No, no, not you. Let's just-can we get out of here?

WIL

Didn't you want to talk--

NORA

Let's go home.

WIL

Okay. I'll uh-go get the car.

(He leaves. NORA is left alone with the videographer. She stares him/her down.)

NORA

Are you happy now? Huh? Did you get all that?

(Videographer puts down the phone, but then starts to replay the video, maybe shares it with the person next to him/her.)

No, please don't.

(NORA covers her face as the beginnings of her and WIL'S conversation plays. Lights dim.)